

# THE MONARCH OF MILLIONS

## OR THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

BY GROSVENOR WILSON

(Printed by permission of the New York Company. Copyright, 1900, by the New York Company.) CHAPTER I.

Love in 1900.

THIS morning of Saturday, July the first, 1900, broke over Washington. It was exactly one year since the illustrious Vangold had assumed the office and title of Emperor of the Americans. His way extended over the entire North American continent, the Hawaiian Islands, the Bermudas, the West Indies, Cuba, the Philippines and American China. More than five hundred million subjects paid taxes to this great potentate, beside whom Caesar and Napoleon, his prototypes, seemed but pigmies.

Washington beamed in holiday gayety. Everywhere fluttered the imperial flag, with its golden dollars strewn on a silver background, at once an emblem and an inspiration. On all the public buildings and on many of the private ones rose the standard of the golden flag, a work which made the sculptor immortal. This beautiful animal, selected after elaborate discussion as the national symbol, was represented in an erect attitude, with the head drooping and the snout apparently foraging for provender.

To the east of the Capitol lay the Field of Celebration, a park set aside for the pleasure of the nobility. About 10 o'clock two girls entered the field. One was Aurea, the other Xantha. Their dress indicated a high rank. Aurea was dark, tall and confident; Xantha fair, small and diffident. Being girls they talked.

"I am so afraid, dear, I shall make some blunder," said Xantha.

"Nonsense," replied her companion. "Papa has been rich such a short time that I scarcely even know the duties of a Maid of Money."

"Well," said Aurea, "your duties are precisely the same as those of Maids of Honor at other courts. The Emperor has simply substituted money for honor. It is easy; we attend on the person of his imperial daughter, the Princess Sapphira—the duties are light, the costumes provided free of cost."

"But Aurea stopped abruptly and, whispering softly to her companion, 'Imitate me,' sank quickly into a kneeling attitude.

A being—surely it were profanation to describe her as a mere girl—a being, then, entered the Field of Celebration, a park set aside for the pleasure of the nobility. About 10 o'clock two girls entered the field. One was Aurea, the other Xantha. Their dress indicated a high rank. Aurea was dark, tall and confident; Xantha fair, small and diffident. Being girls they talked.

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slighted the Princess; "but I crave something more tangible. Would you object, dear, to giving me a gold dollar? Solitude, perhaps, is the proper thing."

With a deep reverence Aurea left the Field. The Princess Sapphira was alone. It grew to noon. The sun blazed brightly, but did not heat the Field, for at properly selected points the electric cold waves poured forth refreshing breezes, never allowing the temperature to rise above 80 degrees.

The Field commanded a fine view of the Capitol, which noble structure is worthy of description. The old Capitol had not been removed. Instead it was transformed. Around it, from base to dome, had been erected a splendid covering of shell illustrative of the power

all the way by balloon?"

"Yes."

"And solely to seek me?"

"No," said Demoiselle. "I cannot say truthfully that that was my sole purpose, though no doubt it was the more important one. In fact, I have, perhaps, a sacred mission to perform."

"Oh, Demoiselle," she exclaimed, "a mission? Then you are not rich?"

"Certainly not," replied Demoiselle. "My net assets are a balloon, one rifle, the clothes I stand in, a stout heart and a pair of strong arms."

"Oh, horrible!" she cried.

Demoiselle was a tall, handsome youth of about twenty-two or three, with dark eyes and hair and of a graceful, manly carriage; but his attire was certainly

you know me your mission can be abandoned."

"Impossible!" said Demoiselle. "A vow to my father!"

"Oh," she interrupted, "he will release you."

"Out of the question," said Demoiselle. "My father is dead."

Sapphira was silent for a moment. Then with simple, royal frankness she went to Demoiselle and threw herself upon his breast. He put her arms about his neck, the wind blew little strands of her shining hair upon his face, her great eyes looked up into his, ardent, glowing, intoxicating. In the bosom of perfect innocence she became adorable temptress.

"Demoiselle," she murmured, "am I not worth some sacrifice?"

"Oh, but my honor," he cried, brokenly.

"Honor!" she repeated, with a little puzzled gesture. "Cannot that matter be arranged financially?"

At this critical point of their interview the lovers were interrupted. Unnoticed by them a man had entered the Field. From the splendor of his costume he was evidently a personage of great dignity.

This imposing being made hurriedly toward the lovers, with evident hostile intentions.

Laying a powerful but respectful hand on Sapphira's shoulder, he said: "Surely Her Imperial Highness is forgetting herself."

"And who are you, young man?" said the official to Demoiselle.

"By what right do you question me?" asked Demoiselle haughtily.

"I am the Imperial Squire," said the official. "That is a strange title to me," said Demoiselle at last. "May I ask whose Imperial Squire?"

"Young man," he said, "I am Imperial Squire to His Supreme Highness Vangold, Emperor of the Americans. The noble title of my office was suggested by the national symbol. I am



THE MAIDENS AND THE PRINCESS.

"Rise, my Maids," she said to the kneeling girls; "homage does me no good this morning. I should prefer sympathy."

and glory of wealth. The famous victories of the railroad lords, the oil lords, the sugar lords and other heroes of the nineteenth century cowboy.

"And oh!" said Sapphira, "your very presence here is dangerous. The Field of Celebration is reserved for the nobility. There are severe penalties for trespassers."

"Nobility?" said the yet more puzzled Demoiselle.

"My, dearest, fly before the Emperor comes," she cried impudently.

"Emperor?" she exclaimed. "Ah! I understand! And my mission must be fulfilled."

"Oh, what is your mission?" asked Sapphira.

"To restore freedom to the American people," he answered.

At this remarkable statement Sapphira recoiled as if wounded.

"But you don't know who I am," she said.

"The goddess of my dreams!" he replied.

"Undoubtedly," said she, "but I am also the Princess Sapphira, the only child of the Emperor Vangold."

Demoiselle in his turn experienced a severe shock. He looked at the lovely girl before him with mournful tenderness, half with undiminished realism, and half with a certain hope.

"But surely," she went on, "now that

next in dignity to the Emperor. My name is 'Porker.' Now, sir, your business here?"

"I certainly have no money to invest," said Demoiselle. "And my business is not to you, sir, but to the Emperor."

"No money?" cried Porker. "A plebeian! And on the Field of Celebration, the noble title of my office was suggested by the national symbol. I am

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Sapphira. "You must offer no resistance. Demoiselle will go with you. No harm can come to you for I will never desert you."

"So be it," said Demoiselle. "For your sake, dearest, I will go peacefully. Now, sir, turning to Porker, 'I know your audience of your Emperor.'"

"And he shall have it," said the Princess.

"I shall simply discharge my duty by immuring you in a dungeon," said Porker. "The Emperor will attend to the rest. Follow me."

And with a steady stride, slightly swayed by a tendency to wobble, Porker walked the lovers, now thoughtful and silent, yet hand in hand, which afforded a certain consolation and aroused a certain hope.

(To Be Continued.)

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# JAMES BUTLER

## CHOICE GROCERIES

The warm weather will soon be a thing of the past—at least let us hope so. As the cool, bracing Fall and Winter approaches our appetite for good things is stimulated, and the wise housekeeper's thoughts naturally turn our way. Naturally we say, for our stores stand to-day as the head-centre of all that's good and cheap in the grocery line.

FRENCH PEAS, small and tender, a can.	10c	FREE TO ALL CUSTOMERS	GOLDEN STATE ASPARAGUS, all tender stalks, a can.	25c
BARBETT'S BEST SOAP, 1 cake for.	2c	This Week	ESSIE BRAND JERSEY TOMATOES, cold packed, large can.	9c
FAMOUS SCOURING SOAP, a cake.	2c	A Full Size Package of	APPLE BUTTER, Ivanhoe brand, 3-lb. can.	8c
BUTLER'S TRIMMING PARLOR MATCHES, 12 boxes for.	9c	Ivory Starch	SALAD OIL, fine body and flavor, 3 1/2 pint bottle.	3c
W. H. BAKER'S COCOA, 1 1/2 lb. cans, each.	9c	This Starch is highly recommended for all fine laundry work.	CORNSTARCH, XLCR Brand, a package.	3c
FINEST FULL CREAM CHEESE, a pound.	12c		BUTLER'S SQUARE BLUE, finest quality, 3 1/2-lb. can, 2 oz. package.	3c
PEERLESS ROOT BEER EXTRACT, a bottle.	5c		PEERLESS CATSUP, rich tomato flavor, pint bottle.	12c
BEST COMBINATION COFFEE, regular 35c quality, our special price 2 lbs. for.	25c		VANILLA or LEMON EXTRACT, triple strength, a bottle.	3c
INDIA OR CEYLON TEA, highest quality, 1 lb. carton, 43c 3/4 lb. carton.	22c		TRIUMPH BAKED BEANS, finest packed, plain or in tomato sauce, 3-lb. can.	9c

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## In the Hammock.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

They were in the hammock sitting. While the moments fast were flitting. And to "how" she thought 'twas time she should commence.

"You are like the hammock, Charley," she remarked. "Why, how, my dear?"

"Well," she said, "because you keep me in suspense."

"That is a strange title to me," said Demoiselle at last. "May I ask whose Imperial Squire?"

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